Montana Outdoors

Special Photo Issue

Montana Outdoors

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Front cover: Bill McRae (mule deer)
Inside front cover: Allen Wiederrich (mink)
Back cover: Steve Wirt (moth)

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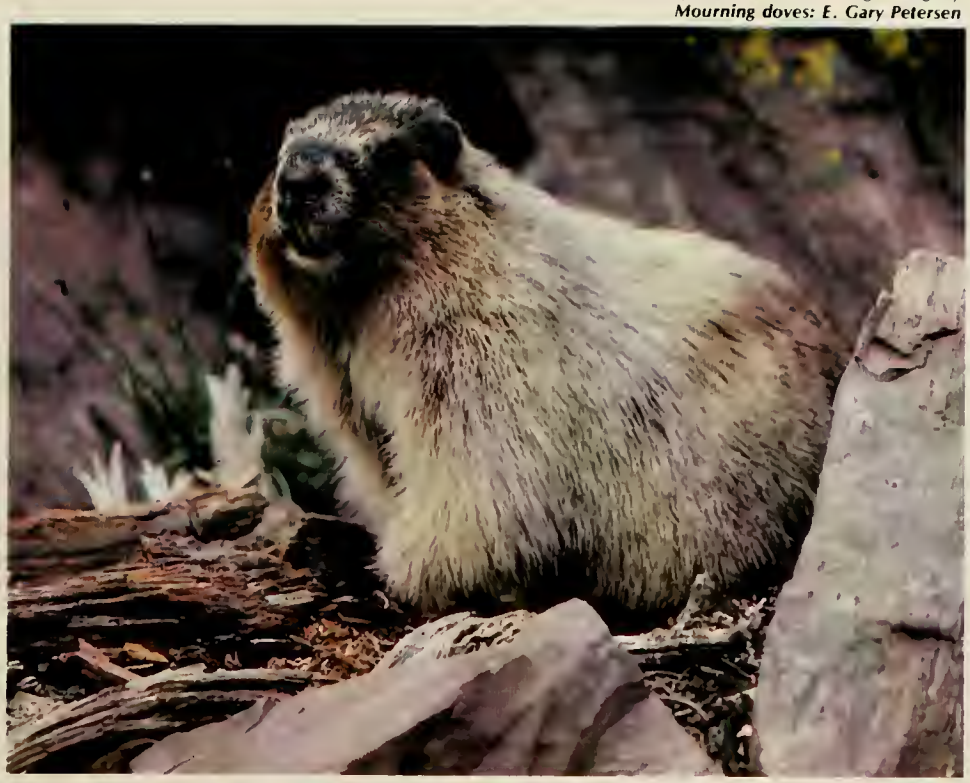
Cinnamon teal: Louis M. Kis

Even with all of their diverse capabilities, sometimes words seem inadequate, and the "right" ones are hard to come by. Such is the case with finding words to describe the compelling photos contained in this *Montana Outdoors* Third Annual Special Photo Issue. We've used words from a great variety of sources—from the 17th century philosopher Pascal to "Cowboy Artist" Charlie Russell. Our wish is that you will enjoy the photos and that the words we've chosen will enrich your enjoyment.—*Editors*

A river is a road which moves.
—Blaise Pascal

North Fork of the Flathead: Mike Logan
Hoary marmot: Diane Ensign-Caughey
Mourning doves: E. Gary Petersen



Waking up on a fall morning in our country
is just as near as going to heaven
as any earthly experience can be.

—Elliott C. Lincoln

North Fork of the Teton River: Kristi DuBois
Raccoon: Louis M. Kis

. . . The plant is as humble as a blade of grass. It is as majestic as the towering redwood. . . . It is life, throbbing with the great rhythms of time and the seasons, waiting, sprouting, burgeoning, flowering, ripening, waiting again, endless life encapsulated in the seed and vitalized in the leaf. . . . And when we have walked our trodden paths the last time, the plants will root there and make them green again, green as the hills when spring comes whispering to every root and seed.

—Hal Borland

Foxtail barley: Judy Hutchins
White-tailed deer: Mike Logan

I realize that if I had to choose,
I would rather have birds than airplanes. . . .
—Charles Lindbergh

Western tanager: Alan G. Nelson
Early winter: Tim Lucas

Earth laughs in flowers.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Kinnikinnick: Steve Wirt
Black bear cubs: Louis M. Kis
Barrow's goldeneye: Michael H. Francis

There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies and the earth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring. . . .

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Mountain goats: Louis M. Kis
Storm, Teton River country: Kristi DuBois

It is fortunate, perhaps, that no matter how intently one studies the hundred little dramas of the woods and meadows, one can never learn all of the salient facts about any one of them.

—Aldo Leopold

White-tailed fawn: Mike Logan
Baneberry: E. Gary Petersen
Crab spider on phlox: George B. Kirsch

Grass-pinks: Chester Ng
Pasqueflowers: Chester Ng
(following page) Cabinet Mountains Wilderness: Peter Kagan

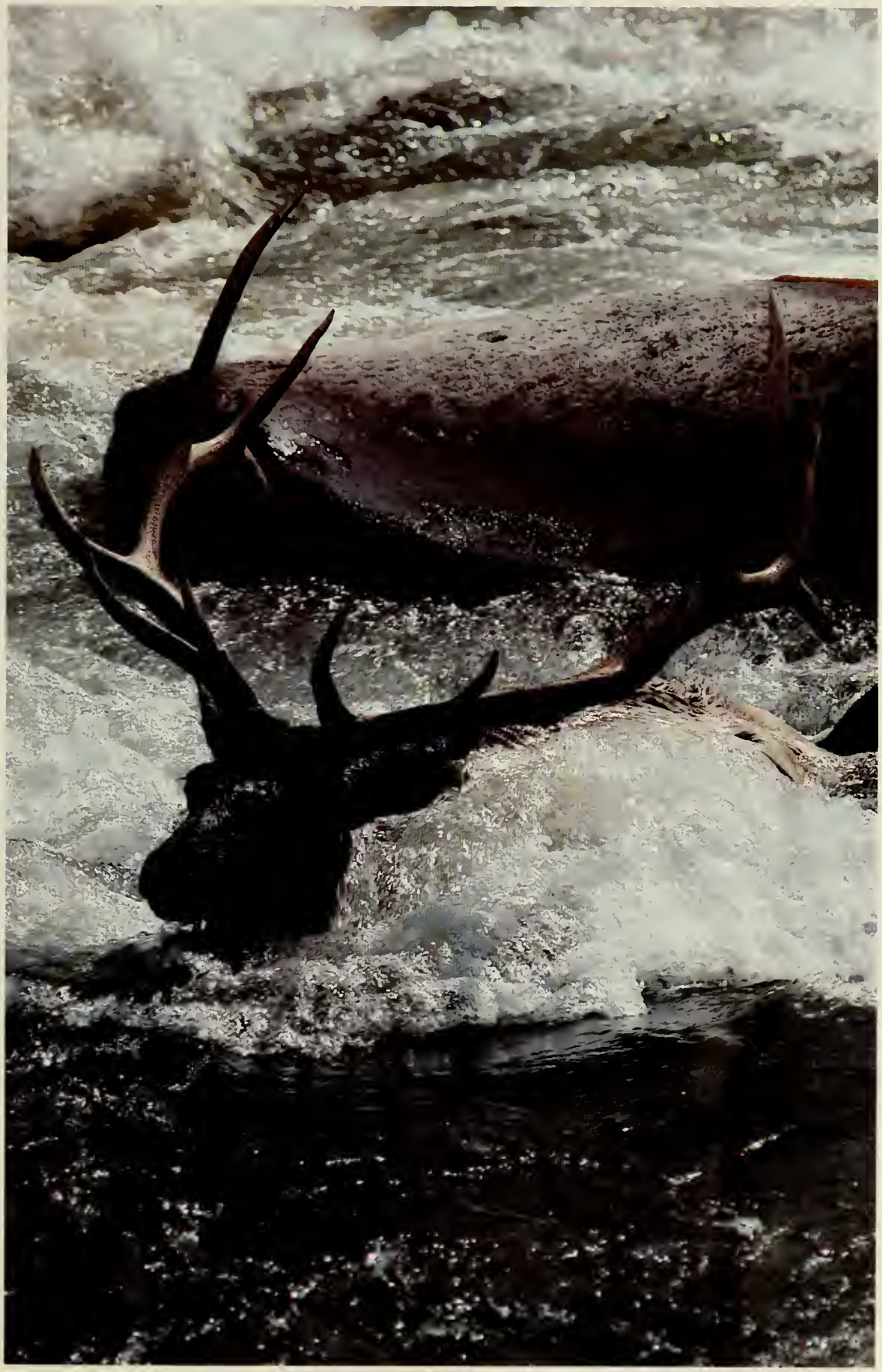
They walked along a little clearing of the creek bottom. The grass was green and of a good length and many kinds of wildflowers was everywhere, flowers of all shapes and sizes, and with colorings to fit any taste or imagination. They could hardly believe their eyes at seeing such flowers outside of flower shops. Some was even prettier than they'd ever seen there.

—Will James
"Home Ranch"

Bighorn sheep: Bill McRae
Swimming elk: Michael H. Francis

The master builder chose for a tool not the earthquake nor lightning to rend and split asunder, not the stormy torrent or the eroding rain, but the tender snowflakes, noiselessly falling through unnumbered seasons, the offspring of the sun and the sea.

—John Muir



The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Forest hues: Tim Lucas
American goldfinch: Alan G. Nelson

The earth became darkened, smoke and fire belched forth from the ground, the vivid lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and the mountains sank and the valleys upheaved to the sky. . . . Towering buttes and desolation marked the spot where once stood the fertile plains. Not one man, woman or child was left to tell the tale of the haughty tribe of the mountains who had incurred the anger of the Great Spirit, leaving these Bad Lands as a monument to his wrath.

—Red Bird
"The Origin of the Bad Lands"

Mountain lion: Gary D. Holmes
Great blue heron: Allen Wiederrich
Badlands near Circle: Jim Romo

Campfire talk: Larry Dech
Bull elk: Conrad Rowe

And in the night you can smell the fire and the warm blankets and the coffee a-boil, and you can even smell the stars. I know that sounds silly, but on a cool, clear, frosty night the stars have a smell, or so it seems when you are young and acutely conscious of everything bigger than a chigger.

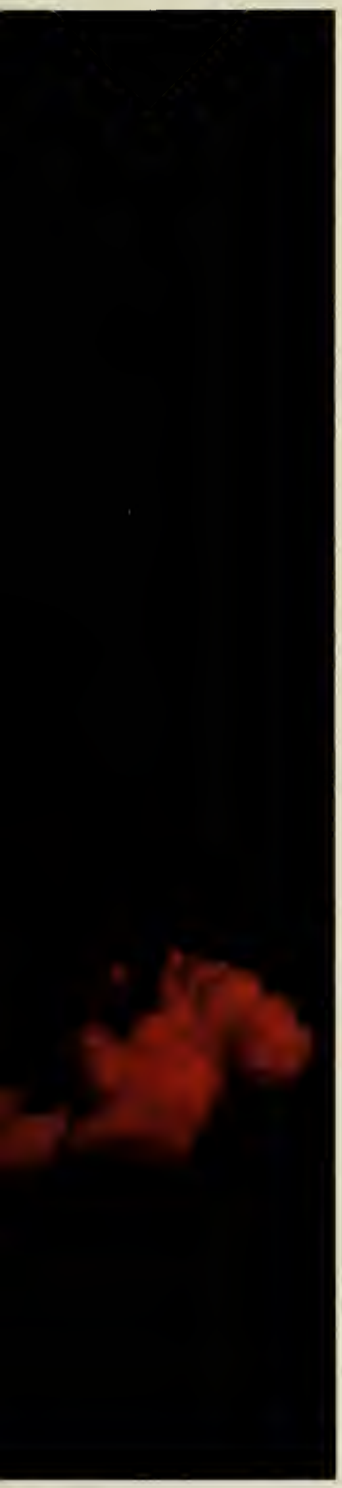
—Robert Ruark
"The Old Man and the Boy"

Give us a name—vertebrates, because we have backbones. Give us a shape—we have heads, torsos, limbs of some sort. Give us a purpose—life. We are of a kind, yet infinitely different. And in all of us that inexplicable brain, of so varied a capacity; that sentience; that capacity to move about upon this planet, to be squirrel, or bear, or salamander, or man.

—Hal Borland

American kestrel: Louis M. Kis
Golden-mantled ground squirrel: Michael H. Francis
White-tailed ptarmigan: Steve Wirt

Moonrise in the Madison: Paul Dix
Sunflowers, sunrise: Jack Tuholske

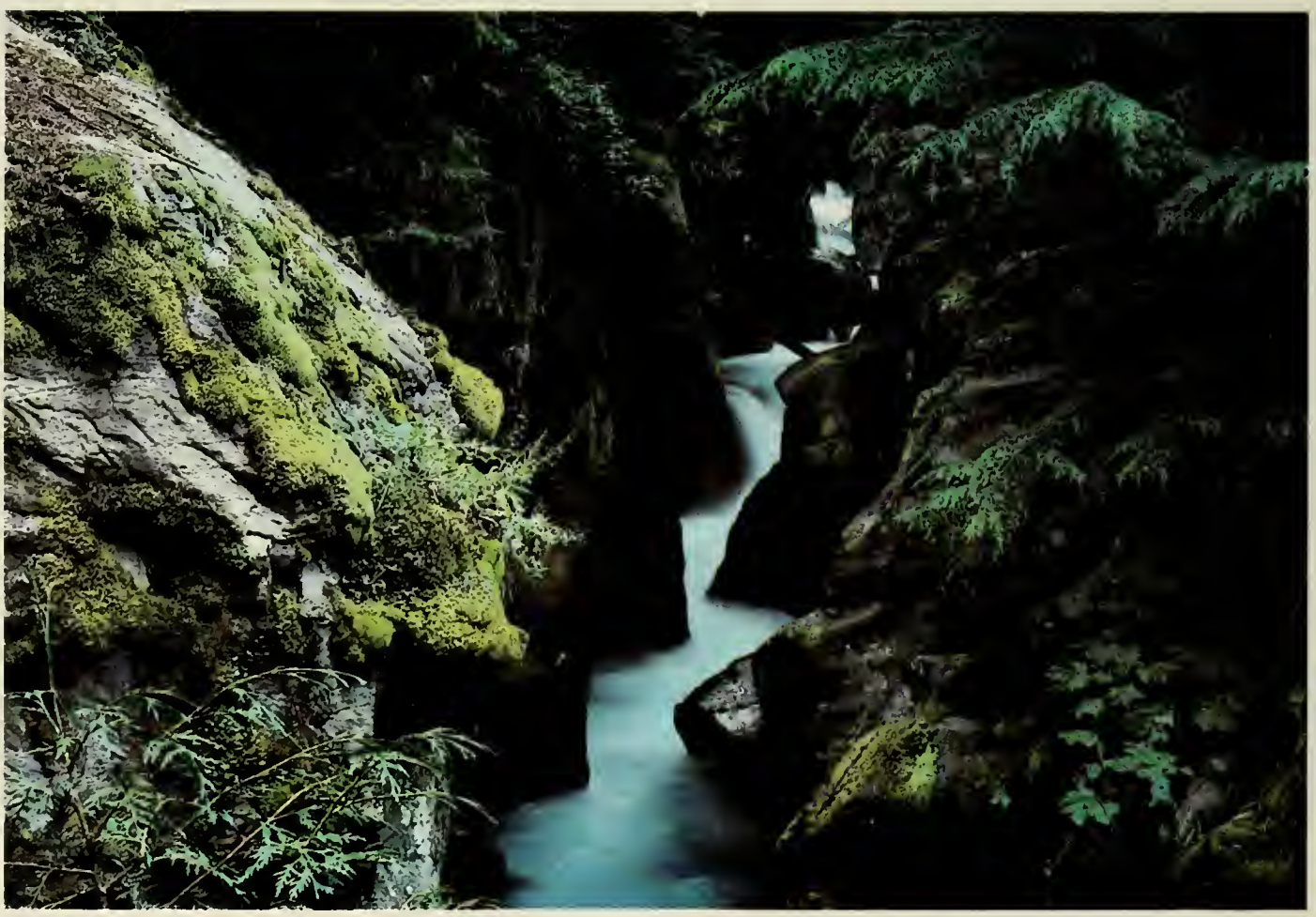


Montana night. The velvet of the sky
Is powdered thick with silver dust. Below,
A realm of half-lights, where black shadows flow. . . .
All things unite
To lull the senses of the eye and ear
In one sweet sense of rest; Montana night.

—Elliott C. Lincoln

We need the tonic of wildness. . . . At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild. . . . We can never have enough of Nature.

—Henry David Thoreau



Avalanche Creek, Glacier National Park: Otis Seal
Moose in velvet: Michael H. Francis

. . . Fire sweeps up from behind the Rockies to consume the universe, kindles the whole horizon, and all the great sky is flame; then suddenly it falters and fades atop the distant peaks and the lonely buttes, ebbs and is lost in secret coulees. The Montanan is both humbled and exalted by this blazing glory filling his world. . . .

Joseph Kinsey Howard
"Montana: High, Wide and Handsome"

Mallard hen: Gordon Dietzman
Montana sunrise: Randy G. Tweten
Mushrooms: George B. Kirsch

Here's hoping health's the hoss under you
Ahead a long easy ride
Good water and grass
To the top of the pass
Where the trails cross
The Big Devide

To you and yours
From me and mine

Your Friend
C M Russell

1924

Bald Eagle Peak, Cabinet Mountains Wilderness: Peter Kagan
Great horned owl: Mike Logan